

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY

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EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

BY MRS. BERNARD WHITMAN.

DO you see that tall man with a soft felt hat and a bag in his hand walking down the street? Watch the people he meets. See their faces brighten; hear the children exclaim, and see how happy they look as he bows, or says "Good-day," or stops for a moment's chat! It seems as if more than half the people he meets know him; certainly he must be a great favorite. And now change places, and walk toward him. Note the rugged, strong, picturesque head and face, quiet, and then flashing with light; fun and mischief in the eyes like a boy, but gentleness and kindness in every feature. Is he young or old? Is it young to be seventy years of age? Is it old when life and sympathy is at its full? But let us see how the man we love, pre-eminently the friend of the children, became old, and how being old he is yet young, — in his very prime.

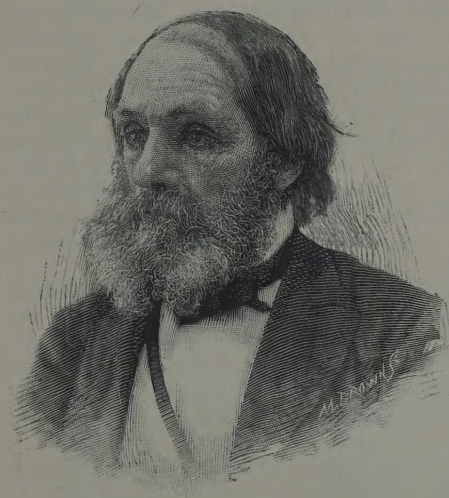
Edward Everett Hale was born on Tremont Street, opposite the Tremont House. The family moved afterwards to the corner of School Street, where the Parker House now stands, and later to Tremont Place, behind the Tremont House. The stories of his boyhood life are located in this vicinity. He was just such a manly boy as Jack or Will is, and was known among his companions as Ned Hale. His bravery and sense of justice were two strong characteristics. He could never bear to see a small boy tormented by a bigger one, nor would he bear imposition himself. One day, having a new hat, and feeling proud of his possession, an older boy in Hamilton Place knocked it off his head. The boy was a strong, big fellow, given to tyrannizing over the younger ones, and this was by no means his first offence. But this time he had made a mistake; for Ned Hale could not stand such bullying as that, and springing upon the boy he gave him so sound a thrashing that the rights of the smaller boys after that were respected.

Dr. Hale always says it is a lucky thing to be born in the middle of the family, with brothers and sisters older, and some younger. This was his good luck. And his mother, one of the dearest house-mothers that ever was, loved young people, and made all the boy and girl friends welcome. One of her great pleasures was to listen to their chatter. They were all young together, and in the evening they clustered around the table, whereon was an oil-lamp (for gas and kerosene were unknown then), and had their games and books and good times generally. People that we know as celebrated men and women went there then,

and were boys and girls with never a thought that they were future poets and statesmen. Sometimes they all went out to a concert, which would begin not later than half-past seven o'clock and be over at nine, in time for a good romp before bed-time. Boston was small then, and the boys knew every private carriage in the city by sight, and could tell its owner.

A home tradition always hangs about a great man, and this is the story of our hero: —

When he was to be christened at the old Brattle-Street meeting-house, it was intended that all the fairies should be asked to be present.



Unfortunately a very old list was used, and at the bottom it was so worn that one fairy's name on each of two pages was wholly worn off. These two fairies, therefore, were unfortunately not invited. But all the other fairies came, and after the christening, with which they were well-pleased, they came together around what was then called the "christening basin" and never the font. They promised him every kind of good fortune, and their promises have always kept good. But just as the party was breaking up, the two other fairies arrived, being very angry because they had not been invited. They stamped up the broad aisle in a very indecorous way, but it was fortunately too late for them to take away any of the gifts which had been offered. All they could do was to say, one of them, that "he should never go downstairs without having to go up again for something he had forgotten," and the other that — [Can the reader guess? — EDITOR.]

The father of young Hale was the editor of the "Advertiser," and he was also connected with the new railroad to Worcester. Here were advantages that few boys enjoyed at that time; and

Ned Hale was riding on the locomotive when ten or eleven years old, investigating in his boyish way; and again he was type-setting and making himself at home in his father's printing-office. Of course he went to the Latin school, and of course he coasted down the long slope of the Common. But as he grew older, he loved the birds and the flowers, and then he grew so tall and big that he got in the way of wandering off by himself and doing a great deal of thinking. When he was thirteen years old he entered Harvard College. Think of that! But he says boys went to college younger than now. Still that was young; and at seventeen he graduated, the class choosing him to be their poet. This year of his graduation, for the first time, dancing on the green was a part of the recognized programme of Class Day.

From college Edward Hale went to teach in the Latin School, where he remained two years. He was in his father's office at times, setting type, reporting, sometimes writing editorials, and always ready to do the thing there was to be done, whatever it might be. He studied, too, and was interested in all the social, political, and scientific questions of the day. It may sound like a queer training. His mother's rule, "To get along as well as you could each day," seems to have been his; and one sees now that Dr. Hale never spends time in worrying over what is gone, but each day he gets along as well as he can. That means, in one of his Wadsworth mottoes, "Look forward, and no back." So we find when he was twenty years old he had made up his mind to be a minister, and was licensed to preach.

It is only fair to state here what the young man's ideas of a minister were. I do not think he thought very highly of people who preached on Sunday and lived quietly the rest of the week. He thought the preaching was rather "thrown in." It was a sort of eruption of the volcano from which the fire and enthusiasm of the week's work was thrown. When he was asked to supply a pulpit he thought it was his duty to spend the week and help along as well as he could, and so he did. His hosts were surprised to have him stay on, and visit the schools and the poor-houses and examine the roads, and if need be, put his own shoulder to the wheel. It was good training, and he is indebted to it for many of the broad and intelligent ideas he now holds, for he knows how the people at large live and feel and think.

At last, in 1846, he settled down in Worcester. He was twenty-four years old, full of life and energy; and before he had been there long he knew the whole town; and the town knew him, placed him on the school-committee, made him

overseer of the poor, and accepted gladly his definition of a minister. All this time there was no young man quicker at a joke, brighter at repartee, merrier with the young people, or who knew better how to tell a story, and amuse the babies than he. He stayed ten years in Worcester, long enough to win the affections of old and young. Indeed, he has never been allowed to slip away from them; and though thirty-six years have elapsed, it is no uncommon thing to see in his note-book "wedding at Worcester," or "funeral at Worcester."

He was thirty-four years old when he came to Boston as pastor of the South Congregational Church. He had grown older in the face, but the same sweet smile was there that we see now. The children were attracted by him, and he won a most loyal devotion from them. I well remember one Sunday afternoon when the last service was held in the old Washington Street meeting-house, before we left for a newer and grander building. As he pronounced the benediction, we saw a halo around his head. We felt it to be something supernatural, and quite scouted the idea that the little round skylight above the pulpit in the darkening afternoon had ought to do with it.

Dr. Hale laughingly says that one of the children settled him in Boston. Returning from service, the young daughter of his host rushed into the parlor, exclaiming: "Oh, you're going to stay with us."

"What makes you say so?" he asked.

"Oh, I hope you will, for all the young people want you," was the reply; and the "young people" had their way.

More than half his life, then, Dr. Hale has been settled in Boston, the most sympathizing friend and the merriest companion that ever was. No wonder that men, women, and children know him, and people from everywhere come to him for everything imaginable. See what the note-book says:—

WHAT THEY WANTED TO-DAY.

A. B. wanted to arrange for a course of lectures on Goethe, Carlyle, Emerson, Arnold, etc.

C. D. wanted a janitorship in the new school-house.

E. F. wanted a letter of introduction to H. I. to ask him for \$16,000 for J. K. College.

L. M. wanted \$10.00 for N. O.,—delicately paid, as N. O. was sensitive.

P. Q. wanted to be made librarian of the R. S. Library.

T. U. wanted a character; and having lost his, thought he would go to Duluth and turn over a new leaf if we would pay his passage.

V. W. wanted to know where X. I. was, and

Z. wanted to spend the evening.

And this is but one day. There are many more like it in the year; but with patience, unflinching cheerfulness, and love he listens, sympathizes, comforts, and helps.

During the war, which is a "tale that is told" to EVERY OTHER SUNDAY readers, Dr. Hale was to be seen on the Common, drilling with the men who held themselves in readiness to obey their country's call, and he afterwards went to the front. It was during that terrible time of war that he wrote the "Man Without a Country." We all cried over it; we most of us believed it; and to all of us it was a lesson not to be forgotten. But the thirty-six years of Boston life must be crowded, full as it is, into small space. It is enough to say that no charity or reform in Boston, or elsewhere, that has needed his help, has been allowed to go without it.

In 1870 he wrote the story of "Ten Times One is Ten," the foundation of the Lend-a-Hand Clubs. Young people not of Boston know him by his famous Wadsworth mottoes, perhaps, better than in any other way,—

Look up, and not down;
Look forward, and not back;
Look out, and not in;
Lend a Hand.

Every club that accepts these mottoes is a Lend-a-Hand Club. The basis is broad, and thousands have built on it. And then he wrote the beautiful story of "In His Name," and there we find the watchword of the club, and the badge, the Maltese cross. These clubs have multiplied, and there is not a continent where a society using the Wadsworth mottoes may not be found. In our own country there is hardly a city or town without one; and when last year Dr. Hale went to California, he was the object of many loving attentions from the Harry Wadsworth followers. On one occasion the schools were dismissed, and he was almost buried in flowers brought by the happy children.

Let no boy or girl who has read only these books think that Dr. Hale is not the author of bright and witty stories. There is no brighter, fun-loving, or fun-giving man in all Boston than he. Did you ever go to the Orphan Asylum on Twelfth Night? Thirty years ago the orphans were changed to another church, and then Dr. Hale, who loved the little girls, instituted the Twelfth Night entertainment at the asylum. Two rings are placed in two large, beautiful cakes, and after music and a story the cakes are cut and the children find the rings. Was there ever a funnier story than he told this year? The cow mooed and the hen cackled, the donkey brayed and the lamb baa-ed as natural as life, when he told how they came to bring gifts to Mary and the baby. How the children laughed and enjoyed it, and the older ones laughed as well!

"Have you ever read 'My Double and How He Undid Me?'—or better than that, have you ever heard Dr. Hale read it himself; or 'Susan's Escort,' or 'Aunt Caroline's Present,' or 'Colonel Clipsham's Calendar'?" If you have n't, and want to laugh, begin a course of Hale reading at once.

Dr. Hale is a busy man. Every moment is improved. Has he fifteen minutes to spare in the cars, he can sleep. He rests oftentimes by a change of work. He believes in early hours, plenty of sleep, and plenty of nourishing food. So he repairs the great wear and tear of a body which people call overworked. He will work as long as he lives. His work is for others, and his deepest pleasure is making the world better. Many know him as doctor of divinity, as historian, as poet, as philanthropist, as orator; but we know him and love him best as the young people's friend, companion, and minister. When asked how it happens the young people all love him so, his eyes twinkle and his face looks kindlier than ever as he answers, "It is a case of 'Mary loves the lamb, you know.'" And when April 3, 1892, comes, completing his seventy years, let us give thanks for the years that are past, and consecrate our own lives anew in memory of his, so rich and full.

LIFE toucheth still this secret:
That none can find his good
Save as one happy unit
In one grand brotherhood.

"HOW TO DO IT."

BY THE EDITOR.



ONE of the best things Dr. Hale ever did for young people was the writing of two little books entitled, "What Career," and "How to Do It." If our readers do not own these volumes, they ought to secure them at once. Every page is bright, suggestive, and helpful along the path of every-day life and thought. We have not the space here to quote very much, or say very much about these books, and other similar writings so well adapted to the young, given during a very busy life by Dr. Hale. But we will take up the book called "How to Do It," and gratify our readers by a reference to one chapter in it. The entire volume comprehends these subjects: *How to Talk*, next *Talk*; then follows *How to Write*, and then *How to Read*, No. 1, and *How to Read*, No. 2. There is also a chapter on *How to Go into Society*, another, *How to Travel*, another, *Life at School*; then several follow on these topics: *Life in Vacation*, *Life Alone*, *Habits in Church*, *Life with Children*, *Life with your Elders*, *Habits of Reading*, *Getting Ready*.

These papers purport to show how a certain number of young people worked out these various matters, and how they were guided by a wise mentor. Each chapter is marked with crisp, spicy, practical, wise suggestions. We will show the whole book by a specimen from the chapter on *How to Write*. The whole chapter is very entertaining and funny throughout. We can give only a very slight abstract.

Dr. Hale's rules for writing are these: First, KNOW WHAT YOU WANT TO SAY; Second, SAY IT; Third, USE YOUR OWN LANGUAGE; Fourth, LEAVE OUT ALL THE FINE PASSAGES; Fifth, A SHORT WORD IS BETTER THAN A LONG ONE; Sixth, THE FEWER WORDS, OTHER THINGS BEING EQUAL, THE BETTER; Finally, CUT IT TO PIECES. Then Dr. Hale illustrates what he means in this given case. One of the club undertakes to write what is called a composition, and for subject has furnished her this, "Duty Performed is a Rainbow in the Soul." So the girl proceeds to write as follows on that rather high-flown theme:—

"I cannot conceive, and therefore I cannot attempt adequately to consider, the full probable meaning of the metaphorical expression with which the present subject concludes; nor do I suppose it is absolutely necessary that I should do so, for expressing the various impressions which I have formed on the subject taken as a whole, which have occurred to me in such careful meditation as I have been able to give to it, in natural connection with an affecting little incident, which I will now, so far as my limited space will permit, proceed, however inadequately, to describe.

"My dear little brother Frankie, as sweet a little fellow as ever plagued his sister's life out, or troubled the kindest of mothers in her daily duties, was one day returning from school, when he met my father hurrying from the office, and was directed by him to proceed as quickly as possible to the post-office and make inquiry there for a letter of a good deal of importance which he had reason to expect, or at least to hope for, by the New York mail."

Dr. Hale says that Mary Jones had come as far as that when bed-time arrived; and the next day when she read it she saw it was sad stuff, and asked herself, Why? The natural answer was that she had really been trying to spin out

three or four pages without clearly knowing what she was writing about. Everything was stilted, inflated, and she saw in her common-sense that it was all wrong.

Mary commenced the new composition in this way, on the subject, "Duty Performed is a Rainbow in the Soul." "I do not know what is meant by a rainbow in the soul." Then Mary went on thus: "I will try to tell a story of duty performed. My brother Frank was sent to the post-office for a letter. When he came there the poor child found a big dog at the door of the office, and was afraid to go in. It was just the dead part of the day in a country village, when even the shops are locked up for an hour, and Frank, who is very shy, saw no one whom he could call upon. He tried to make Miss Evarts, the post-office clerk, hear, but she was in the back of the office. Frank was frightened; but he meant to do his duty, so he crossed the bridge, walked up to the butcher's shop in the other village, which he knew was open, spent two pennies for a bit of meat, and carried it back to tempt his enemy. He waved it in the air, called the dog, and threw it into the street. The dog was much more willing to eat the meat than to eat Frankie. He left his post; Frank went in and tapped on the glass, and Miss Evarts came and gave him the letter. Frank came home in triumph, and Papa said it was a finer piece of duty performed than the celebrated sacrifice of Casabianca's would have been had it happened that Casabianca ever made it."

This illustrates very well what Dr. Hale means by his seven rules. He wants young people to grow up into such habits of looking at life and handling the world as to be able to speak and write plainly, sincerely, and, therefore, strongly. He favors, as do so many others, the use of Saxon words instead of the long Latin ones.

This glimpse into Dr. Hale's book is not a bad lesson on "How to Write." If it leaves a relish, so that our young readers wish to know more in the volume, then we shall be greatly satisfied.

A KING'S DAUGHTER.

BY A GUILD WORKER.



EDITH was a merry, restless little girl of ten, full of good intentions, but thoughtless, impulsive.

Her particular trial was the daily hour of piano practice. Now, our girlie loved music dearly. She found it very pleasant to improvise at her own sweet will ("drumming," brother Herbert called it). But to sit up straight, run scales, finger properly, and pay strict attention to time and tune, — that was a "weariness to the flesh," to Edith as well as many other little people.

In early spring, a new teacher came to be friend and loving helper in Hope Sunday-school. Edith and eight other girls formed her special care. As they looked up into Miss Abbott's sweet, calm face, each careless child felt the drawing power of the beautiful soul within. They did not know why, but from that moment a new influence entered the girl-lives. They were glad to follow where she led. One pleasant Saturday afternoon the nine girls were invited to their friend's for a "good time" as they termed it.



How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep tangled wild wood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew;
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which stood by it,
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well!
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.



"The Meadow."

On Miss Abbott's study-table was a large framed photograph of a girl of ten or eleven. Beautiful, the children thought it, with its sunny face, large eyes, and flowing tresses.

"My sister Geraldine," replied their friend to the numerous inquiries.

"Why, she wears a little silver cross just as you do," said Nelly Sanderson.

"Yes; Geraldine is a King's Daughter, too," replied Miss Abbott.

"Tell us about it," said the children, eagerly drawing about her.

So Miss Abbott told them the story of Harry Wadsworth's gracious, helpful life; and how through it, as depicted in Dr. Hale's "Ten Times One is Ten," the ideas of faith, hope, and love have so seized upon the thought and affection of this busy, rushing, modern life. She then

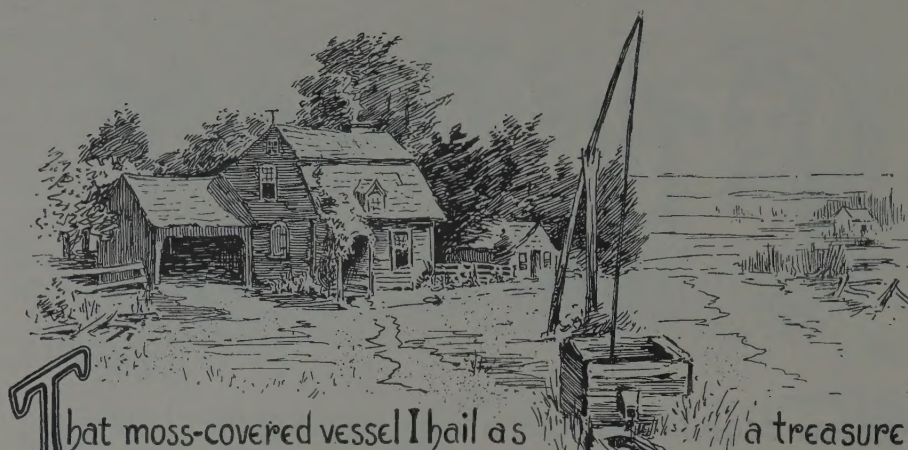
repeated the four mottoes, and spoke of the various clubs and orders that had arisen from them. In special she spoke of the order for women known as the King's Daughters, and its helpful work.

"And do little girls, — girls of our age belong?" was the eager inquiry.

"Oh, yes; I know of many such circles," Miss Abbott replied.

"Could n't we have a ten here in our class?" said Edith, who had been very silent during the conversation.

"Yes, indeed; and I should be glad to help you. Only, my girls, wearing the silver cross and doing good works alone will not make one a King's Daughter. It means that we shall really 'look up,' trust the care of God; 'look out,' care not for self, but for others; 'look forward,'



That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure;
 For often, at noon, when returned from the field,
 I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
 The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
 How ardent I siezed it with hands that were glowing,
 And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;
 Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
 And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well:
 The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
 The moss-covered bucket arose from the well.



"The Widespreading Pond."

be ready for what comes right to our hands,— 'lend a hand.' Ah, dear girls, that means so much! It is that we must be ready with the loving word, the brave smile, the helpful act,— every time. That is a good deal to promise. To be a true King's Daughter, one must be a good home-girl, a faithful school-girl, a loyal friend. It means to mind Mother cheerfully, to learn one's lessons well, to be always loving, unselfish, helpful as a friend. The silver cross will help us to remember that. But if we do not heed its lesson, it were better that we never put it on."

The little girls were very serious over this talk, but it only increased their desire to be King's Daughters.

"That is what makes Miss Abbott so lovely," said Ruth Lane, as they walked home; "and we want to be like her, don't we, girls?"

So it was that the "Duty Ten" was formed, and it meant very much to the girls.

Edith had many thoughts locked up in her little head. She, too, realized the beauty of holiness in her friend's life, and longed to follow it. Would the little silver cross help?

Geraldine came to visit her sister, and she too was a revelation to the young people. Here was a child as merry as a little kitten, full of jokes and nonsense, yet reasonable and serious when the occasion called. She was so readily obedient, so unconsciously helpful, so gay and winsome, that her sunny face was welcome everywhere.

Here was a girl at once really religious, yet never "goody-goody;" who lived her religion as naturally as the birds sing and flowers blossom. Geraldine did not know it, but she made faith, hope, and love a very real thing to her mates,

—just as any sweet, helpful child may bring the true Christ-spirit to a longing world.

She and Edith grew to be good friends, and in course of time very confidential.

"It's real hard for me sometimes," said Geraldine, frankly. "I get so tired sitting still and keeping steadily at one thing all the time. I like to be lazy, too, and dream over things, and plan what I will do by-and-by, instead of what I ought to do now. But my cross helps me. It tells me a hundred times a day what a true King's Daughter should be. I tell you what I do,—I keep a little journal about it to send to Sister once a week, and it helps ever so much. Why don't you? I know that Louise would be glad to read it and talk to you about it."

It came to pass that Edith did follow Geraldine's example. I will give one week's record,—that other children may know how the silver cross helped.

SUNDAY.

"It has been a good day. I got up early, and studied my Sunday-school lesson before breakfast. That gave me time to take care of Baby, so Mamma could get Tom and Totty ready for church. Tom marked over my new 'Sparrow the Tramp,' and I almost cried; but I remembered my cross, and did n't scold. Miss Abbott was lovely in Sunday-school. I was going to sit beside her; then I remembered that I had had that seat every Sunday for a month, so I let Bessie have it. Miss Abbott gave us each Dr. Hale's little story, 'The Maltese Cross.' It is lovely. It seemed easy to be good to-day."

MONDAY.

"I was lazy, and did n't get up to practise before breakfast; so I had to do it after breakfast. The girls came to ask me to go after trillium. I wanted to, but George laughed, and said, 'You belong to the Duty Ten, so I suppose you'll never think of going.' I did n't go; but my practice did n't amount to much. The tears would come, and I could hardly see the notes. I met Miss Abbott on the way to school, and told her about it. She kissed me, and said, 'But you stuck to it, my little King's Daughter.'"

TUESDAY.

"I got mad with Belle to-day, and was real hateful to her. Then I remembered my cross, and told her I was sorry at recess."

WEDNESDAY.

"Bad day,—all day. At night I cried, and said I would n't try any more. I hid my cross, and tried not to think about it. Then I remembered that I must give up Miss Abbott and Geraldine if I did that. So I took out my cross, and asked God to help me to-morrow."

THURSDAY.

"Belle bothered me to-day, but I remembered yesterday, and did n't answer back. I was going to whisper to-day, but my cross hit against the desk, and I thought in time.

"I was almost late to school, and so did n't walk up with Geraldine. She was with Bessie all recess, and I felt 'left out.' I ran home alone at noon, and said I'd never speak to the girls again. In the afternoon I went right to my seat, and worked on my map. In school time Geraldine looked real sober; and as I saw her cross I remembered that I'd just got to be generous, or I could n't be a true King's Daughter. So at recess I went right up to her, and it was all right. I was happy then."

FRIDAY.

"I called George 'a fool' to-day, because he did plague me so. 'You're a pretty King's Daughter,' he said. Then I said I was sorry. He didn't laugh; he just looked at me a minute, and said, 'Sis, I do believe you're trying to be good.'"

SATURDAY.

"I showed my record to dear Miss Abbott to-day, and we talked about it. I sat right on her lap, and she kissed me. She said it was hard for her to be good; but her cross helped. Every time she looked at it, she remembered that Christ was tempted but tried hard not to yield, — so she could. I love my little cross, and I am going to wear it always; for it will help me. I want to be like Miss Abbott, and like Christ. She says that keeping on in the trying is what makes one a Christian. So I shall keep my cross, and try to let it help me 'In His Name.'"

SONG OF THE MARCH WINDS.

BY BERTHA SNOW.

LISTEN, Dolly my darling,
Here by the fire so warm,
Do you know what the winds are saying
Out in the roaring storm?
Hear them sigh through the leafless branches,
And howl at the cottage eaves,
And moan and sob at the windows
Like the voice of a child that grieves.

Listen, Dolly my darling,
A song the March winds sing;
They make us think of winter,
But herald the coming spring;
They tell us the days are longer
And the sky is getting blue,
That soon in green grass and flowers
The earth will be clothed anew.

I think, Dolly my darling,
Away down under the snow,
The daffodils are budded;
Snowdrops have bloomed, you know;
And spite of the blustering weather,
The tulips are up again,
But shy sweet violets linger
To wait for the April rain.

LETTER-BOX.

HINGHAM, MASS.

THIS is the first time I have written an enigma. I am twelve years old, and like to go to Sunday-school.

MYRON C. GATES.

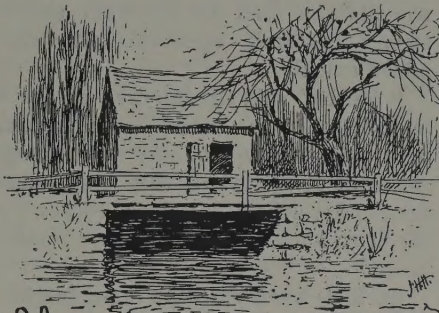
ENIGMA XXXVIII.

I AM composed of twenty-two letters.
My 16, 17, 18, 22, is to look earnestly at anything.
My 9, 2, 10, 11, 1, is part of a house.
My 9, 20, 21, 17, is the name of a girl.
My 3, 4, 11, 1, 6, 7, 8, is a day of the week.
My 19, 2, 20, something we all do in order to live.
My 13, 14, is the opposite of out.
My 15, 4, 12, is the name of a weapon.
My whole is the name of a society paper.

M. C. G.

ENIGMA XXXIX.

I AM composed of thirty-two letters.
My 15, 5, 24, 4, 17, 31, is the dust in a flower.
My 12, 15, 2, 14, 6, 3, is a round body.
My 7, 20, 21, 10, 30, 25, is gloomy.
My 8, 31, 28, 13, 18, 15, 6, 3, 32, is to explain.
My 1, 29, 20, 26, 14, is a kind of string.
My 9, 16, 11, is timid.



How sweet from the green
mossy brim to receive it,
As poised on the curb it
inclined to my lips!

Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from thy loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well:
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the well.



"The Deep-tangled Wood."

My 9, 22, 23, 19, 27, 29, 11, is full of shadows.

My whole is a verse in the Psalms.

RALPH B. STONE.

ENIGMA XL.

I AM composed of forty-two letters.
My 39, 23, 7, 10, 12, is an article of furniture.
My 27, 24, is a negative answer.
My 40, 1, 33, 12, 38, 42, 19, 31, is a high official.
My 8, 3, 28, 29, 41, 37, is a friend of boys and girls.

My 32, 17, 30, 6, 36, was a great general.

My 20, 4, 3, 14, 15, was an assassin.

My 14, 34, 35, 25, 26, is a verb.

My 5, 19, 2, is a quadruped.

My 18, 16, 13, 11, 9, is a fault of some children.

My 38, 22, 21, is something cold.

My whole is a proverb.

KENNETH CLARK and PROCTOR CARR.

ENIGMA XLI.

I AM composed of fourteen letters.
My 5, 4, 6, 11, is an important part of a house.
My 2, 10, 14, 9, is a musical instrument.
My 7, 13, 8, 12, is to smell strong.
My 1, 3, 10, is a drink.
My whole is a great Unitarian preacher.

CONSTANCE CARRUTH.

SALINA, KAN.

DEAR EVERY OTHER SUNDAY, — I am a little girl seven years old. This is my first attempt to write to your paper. We have had your paper in our Sunday-school for two years. I am in the second grade, and study writing, reading, spelling, language, and arithmetic. My writing-teacher is Professor Jones. A little girl named Mamie Peckham writes to a friend of mine. I would like to have her write to me, also other children who will. I send a puzzle below.

Yours truly

BLANCHE BRUNGER.

ENIGMA XLII.

I AM composed of fifteen letters.
My 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, is a city in Illinois.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, is a boy's name.
My 12, 13, 14, is a waterfall.
My 11, 15, is a preposition.
My whole is one of the Presidents.

B. B.

NORTH WOBURN, MASS., Feb. 16, 1892.

DEAR SIR,—This is my first attempt to make an enigma; but I go to the Unitarian chapel, and see the EVERY OTHER SUNDAY. I like the enigmas you publish, and I thought I would try my luck.

Your new friend, PARKER T. POOLE.

ENIGMA XLIII.

I AM composed of twelve letters.
My 4, 2, 3, 8, 7, 10, is a girl's name.
My 6, 5, 12, lies before the fire.
My 11, 9, 10, 5, 12, is what we do in summer.
My whole is the name of a famous painter.

P. T. P.

ANSWERS TO ENIGMAS IN No. 14.

Enigma XXXIV. The Skeleton in Armor.
Enigma XXXV. The Old Clock on the Stairs.
Enigma XXXVI. Shakespeare.
Enigma XXXVII. Honor thy father and mother.

BURIED CITIES.

- | | |
|-------------|--------------|
| 1. Buffalo. | 3. Fishkill. |
| 2. Easton. | 4. Lowell. |
| 5. Augusta. | |

GOLDEN WORDS.

Kind hearts are the garden;
Kind thoughts are the roots;
Kind words are the blossoms;
Kind deeds are the fruits.

DOT.

BY KATE SUMNER GATES.

 HERE was a genuine sensation in Scrub Alley one bright June day; a new family were moving into the third floor back at Dugan's. New-comers were nothing remarkable in the Alley, — they were coming and going constantly; but there was something unusual about one of this family.

The father was much like the majority of the men there, though he may have been a trifle more ragged and repulsive-looking. The boy was a tow-headed, uninteresting specimen, unless you took a good look into his face; then underneath the freckles you might detect something which won your heart in spite of his unprepossessing appearance.

But it was the third and only other member of the little family which attracted the attention of the Alley folks.

Only a little girl, but like none of the children in that neighborhood, — a golden-haired, blue-eyed, sweet-faced little girl, but a poor, helpless little cripple.

"He kicked her downstairs once," the boy said, in answer to some inquiry. "But

she ain't so bad as she was; she'll get strong and well agin this summer," he added quickly.

"Mebbe," said the inquirer, as she went back to her work. "Mebbe, but it won't be here. She'll never be well and strong till she gets to the place they sing about in the Sunday-school round the corner. And she'll be there 'fore long unless I miss my guess."

At first, when the days were bright and sunny, Dick, for that was the boy's name, used to bring little Dot, as he called her, downstairs in his arms and hold her for hours on the door-steps in the sunshine. By and by Mrs. McCarty used to hand him out the only rocking-chair she had.

Then Tim Murphy got in the habit of strolling by with his big dog, Bruno. Dot made friends with Bruno at once, and Tim had him perform all his tricks over and over for her amusement. One day he called Joe Battles to bring his harmonica over and "give 'em a tune;" and another he got Billy Taft to stop for a few minutes with his hand-cart while they gave Dot a little ride.

As summer came on, instead of getting well and strong, Dot grew weaker every day until by and by she could not come downstairs, but lay on the bed all day, tended by the faithful Dick. The boys came up often, bringing in a shamefaced way some little offering of fruit or flowers that they had exerted themselves in some unusual way to obtain. But one morning, late in summer, when Tim came up to inquire, Mrs. McCarty met him at the door.

"She's gone, poor lamb," she said, the tears rolling down her cheeks. "I can't be after a sorrying for *her*, but it breaks my heart to see that poor boy take on."

Tim went back to the boys waiting below, but not a word could he say. He rubbed his coat sleeve across his eyes furtively as he bent down to pick up an imaginary pin; he looked up and down the street, and tried his best to swallow the lump in his throat, but he dared not trust himself to speak, and the boys understood.

"I'll tell you what it is," said Joe Battles, after a little silence, "we must get some flowers for her; it won't be before to-morrow, will it?"

"Probably not," answered Tim, in a husky voice.

"Then s'pose we all go to work to-day, and then put our chink together and get some roses, such as the quality alwers has such times. And — we must slick up the best we know how and foller her."

So, in Dot's little waxen hands and on her coffin lay some tea roses, and close behind the heart-broken Dick walked the three boys, "slicked up" to the best of their poor ability, and with true sorrow depicted on their faces.

"I'll tell you jest what it is, boys," said Tim that night; "I'm going to be different

from what I've been. I — should like to see her agin sometime, and I reckon she's gone to that place the mission teacher used to tell her about. But there would n't be any show of our getting into any such place if we grew up like the rest on 'em here; so less see if we can't somehow be different."

"Agreed," said the others, briefly, but with real earnestness of purpose; so Dot's little short life had not been in vain.

JUST LIKE A GIRL.

BY M. BEMIS.

THE children were playing at school one day,

When naughty Ned Nettleton chanced to say,

"I'll wager there is n't a girl in this house That would n't be terribly scared at a mouse!"

To his saucy challenge no answer came,
Till one little lassie, with cheeks aflame,
Unwilling to hear her sex slandered so
(And women are always too rash, you know),

Replied to the rogue with a charming pout,
"Ned, you don't know what you're talking about!

I'm sure I don't think that remark's very nice!

Do you really believe I'd be frightened at mice?

If you do, you're greatly mistaken, sir!"
But naughty Ned Nettleton looked at her,
With a mischievous gleam in his roguish eye,

As in meekest of tones he made this reply,
"Oh, please don't be angry! Of course you are right;

Not even a lion could give you a fright!"
Next day, sweet Margery Mackintosh came
(For such was my valiant heroine's name),
With a tiny basket containing her lunch
Of sandwiches dainty, and cookies to munch,

And put it all hid in her desk away,
Safely enough, as she did every day.

Then Margery gayly ran away,
Till the old bell called them from their play.

Noon came at last, and the hungry maid,
Not even till school was dismissed, delayed.
She opened the basket as quick as a wink,
But instead of her luncheon, what do you think

Popped out of the basket, right into her lap

(Was ever one caught yet in such a strange trap?)

But the thing which, in spite of yesterday's boast,

Of all living creatures she dreaded the most?

Bold Margery screamed, and turned white as a sheet

As the poor frightened mouse scampered over her feet,

And on every lassie dire horror swift fell.

They rushed for the door, helter-skelter,
pell-mell;
And even the teacher, whom no one could
scare,
Drew her skirts all around her, and stood
on her chair!
And naughty Ned Nettleton smiled a broad
smile,
To think how successful had been his deep
wile;
But Margery vowed that she'd ne'er again
speak
To Ned, and she did n't, — *for nearly a
week!*

PURE IN HEART.

ANNIE RUSS MILLIS.



KITTY was watching Mamma fill the Kaga bowl with roses. "I wish you would give me some, Mamma," said she. "Not now," answered Mamma; "I want to put them on the table for lunch, and it needs them all to fill the bowl. Now do not touch them while I am out of the room;" and she went upstairs.

Kitty turned to her doll, but Dollie had ceased to amuse her, and she kept thinking about the roses.

"Seems to me Mamma is selfish," she said. "I wish I had one for my own. I am going over to smell of them anyway;" and she left her doll and walked slowly across the room. "Course I sha'n't touch them; Mamma said I mustn't, so I won't. How pretty that red one is; I guess it is the sweetest of them all," — and the little nose was buried in the fragrant petals. "I wonder would it be much naughty to take just one! Mamma wouldn't miss it, or know it, but she said, 'Don't touch!'" and Kitty put her hand behind her.

Still she lingered near; and at last her hand was stretched out, and suddenly it closed around the slender stem, and she gave the flower such a jerk to pull it out that with it came all the rest in a sweet, dewy shower over the table. Then Kitty waked to the sense of what she had done, and retreated to her corner with Dollie, and sat down with her face to the wall.

It was not long before she heard Mamma's step, and naturally she felt afraid to meet her, so she leaned her head against the doll and pretended to be asleep.

Mamma entered the room exclaiming, "Oh! what has happened to my flowers?" Then she came across to Kitty and lifted the little flushed face.

"Did my little girl disobey me?" she asked.

"Yes, I did," said Kitty, opening her eyes at last.

Mamma sat down and took Kitty gently on her lap. "Now tell me about it from the beginning."

"Well," faltered Kitty, "I kept a think-

ing how I wanted some flowers, and then I went and smelled of them; and they were so lovely and sweet that I had to keep looking at 'em, and then before I knew it I had pulled them all out. But I only meant to take one, truly."

"Yes, I see," said Mamma. "Now what was the verse we said last night?"

Kitty considered a moment. "Oh, I remember: 'Blessed are the pure in heart.'"

"And what is the rest," asked Mamma.

"'For they shall see God.'"

"Now, Kitty, don't you notice it says 'pure in heart' first of all? Our thoughts are in our hearts. Before we do a naughty thing we must think that we want to do it. If the thoughts of our heart were always right and pure, we should do only what is good. You allowed yourself to *think* how you wanted the rose, then you went near it and looked at it, then it seemed very easy to touch it, and possibly you thought it at last not very wrong to take it."

Kitty nestled close in Mamma's arms and answered: "I love you so I want always to be your good little girl."

MATTIE'S STORY.

BY EVELYN S. FOSTER.



MAMMA has often told us never to play in the parlor, and never even to touch Reynard, the red fox. He won't bite us, — he is only a stuffed fox; but Papa likes him very much, and that is why we mustn't touch him. I don't know how I could be so naughty and disobey our dear little mamma, who is always so good to us. We were all in it, but I was the one who thought of it first. Mamma was away, and we were playing in the dining-room, — Arthur, Mabel, Nankee-poo, and I. Nankee-poo is the yellow cat. I said, —

"Let's take Nankee-poo to the parlor door, and see what he'll do when he looks at Reynard."

Mamma has often said, "Keep as far away from temptation as you can." I knew it; but I said to myself, "The parlor door is n't very near temptation." But it was.

When Nankee-poo saw that fox, he stuck up his back and growled, and looked so funny, we were all in the parlor before we knew it. Arthur pushed Nankee-poo nearer and nearer; he kept on growling and spitting. I pushed the fox closer and closer to him. Suddenly he made an awful noise, jumped out of Arthur's arms right on to the top of Papa's pet picture, — the one of the cows drinking water, — that one the famous French lady's brother painted; his name is Auguste something, I can't just remember what. The cord was n't very strong, and it broke; and the glass broke into most a million pieces. I cried like everything;

so did Arthur and Mabel. Nankee-poo ran out mewling.

Just then Mamma came home. I told her all about it and how sorry I was, and I cried some more. Mamma said, —

"When you have done wrong, my darling, it isn't enough to be sorry. That will never make Papa's pretty picture whole again."

When she said that, I thought I never could be happy any more; but Mamma is so dear, she planned a way for me to earn some money, and I bought a new glass and paid for it all myself. It cost two dollars. I had to pick twelve quarts of berries to earn it. Then I told Papa about it, and he said, —

"If you had broken the carved frame instead of the glass, no money could have replaced it; for your Uncle Frank made that for me, and he is dead."

That frightened me very much; and I resolved that night to be perfect, and never to do wrong any more. I haven't been perfect, though; but Mamma said this morning, —

"It makes me very happy to see my dear little girl trying so hard to be good."

ROSE AND CATERPILLAR.

"Oh, caterpillar!" said a rose,
One lovely summer day,
"Your constant eating drives one wild;
I wish you'd go away."

"I really cannot see what use
You and your kind can be;
You naught but mischief do,
And are unpleasant things to see."

A moment after that same rose
Smiled on a butterfly
That stopped to show his rainbow wings
As he was passing by.

Oh, if she only could have known —
The pretty dainty rose —
He was a caterpillar too
Arrayed in splendid clothes! — *Selected.*

EDITOR'S CHAIR.

THERE is a great fitness in presenting Edward Everett Hale's picture in our paper. First, because he has never appeared here before, and it is high time his counterfeit presentment shone in our columns. Second, because he has written so much that has delighted young people, and has set in motion those wonderful Lend-a-Hand clubs, that have put into the right channel a great deal of the emotion, thought, and energy of the rising generation. All over our land Dr. Hale's name is a household one. We celebrate his seventieth birthday, which occurs on the 3d of April. Mrs. Whitman, who has written the biographical article, is, as we all know, fully competent to do it, and has done it well. EVERY OTHER SUNDAY speaks for thousands of boys and girls, and young men and young women, and assures Dr. Hale of their love and their esteem, and offers their good wishes for many years of life, usefulness, and happiness to come.



"The Orchard."

We hope that our readers, especially the young people, will be pleased with our illustrated poem, "The Old Oaken Bucket." We are able to offer it in such beautiful form and with attractive pictures through the kindness of the editor of the "New England Magazine," Mr. Edwin D. Mead.

The author, Samuel W. Woodworth, was born in Scituate, Mass. He died in 1842, just fifty-seven years old. Out of all his writings, prose and poetry, this production seems to survive most prominently. Many mythical tales are told concerning the origin of this poem, but the following is correct, as learned from a member of his family.

He was living at the time in Duane Street, New York. Coming home one day to dinner, being very warm, having walked from his office near the foot of Wall Street, he drank a glass of water from the pump, exclaiming, as he placed the tumbler on the table, "That is refreshing; but how much more refreshing would it be to take a good draught this day from the old oaken bucket I left hanging in my father's well at home!" It must be remembered that this incident occurred in 1817, and the fact of the existence of a pump in New York was not uncommon. The poet's wife caught up this casual remark of his, and said in response, "Why would not that be a pretty subject for a poem?" Woodworth took the hint, and on the spur of the moment wrote the beautiful stanzas which we now have.

In the village of Greenbush, a part of Scituate, the very scenes can be found, very much the same as when the poet celebrated them in this song. The water in the well is still pure and sweet and cool; and we may say of the poem, too, that it keeps its limpid grace and tenderness for all who love Nature.

THE departments "Question-Box" and "Gleanings" are crowded out this number by the special matter; they will reappear in next issue, well filled. We are ready to receive guesses as to the second angry fairy's threat at the Hale christening.

OUTLOOK.

THE Sunday-school of Unity Church, Pittsfield, Mass., is now being thoroughly organized under the superintendence of Rev. C. G. Horst; and more interest is now manifested in it than at any time during the life of the church. On Sunday, Feb. 21, there were seventeen out of twenty-one children who attended both church and Sunday-school, which fact in itself shows a marked increase of interest. They have learned the Twenty-third Psalm, and are now learning the fifth chapter of Matthew. There are great hopes of this small Sunday-school, for on them the future of the church is depending.

THE Fresno, California, friends are pursuing a faithful path under the leadership of Dr. Gardner. With wise forecast as to future growth they are strengthening the Sunday-school and moulding the coming generation.

THERE is life, and a great deal of it, at the Sunday-school in West Newton, Mass. Rev. J. C. Jaynes and his wife are devoted to the work, bringing to bear on methods the results of experience, and dealing with children on the plane of their actual needs. The piano was absent the day we looked in; if the school can sing so well without, what a success must be the ordinary results!

We subjoin the appeal of the Outlook Committee of the Sunday-School Union. A previous appeal has received many prompt and generous responses, for which we are desired to make due and grateful acknowledgment.

"The Outlook Committee of the Sunday-School Union is desirous to provide the Sunday-schools which need text-books, library books, or even music, with such material of which other Sunday-schools may have a superabundance. All schools which are willing to take from their store of unused, but fairly good, material which has been laid aside are requested to send packages to the Sunday-School Office, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, care of Miss Louisa P. Parker. Packages will be carefully sorted and

distributed where they are needed. Sunday-schools wishing to obtain such books are requested to apply to Miss L. P. Parker, 5 Lee Street, Cambridgeport, Mass."

SANTA BARBARA, California, is another point where everything seems to be on the ascent, so far as our cause is concerned. We are in receipt of good news as to the Sunday-school there. Teachers and all are pulling together with a feeling of pride. We wish them and the valiant workers all along the Pacific coast every success.

THE Sunday-School Union held its March meeting with the appropriate condition of a breezy time, the subject for discussion being, "Is there a Crisis in our Sunday-schools?" The pessimists and the optimists stood in battle array; but, after all, the chief wish of both sides is to have our young people rightly trained in religion and morals. The Sunday-school can do this when it is correctly administrated.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

THE next number of EVERY OTHER SUNDAY will be greatly devoted to the sentiments and associations of Easter. We are prepared to furnish to our Sunday-schools tasteful Easter cards at low prices, by the hundred or by the dozen, on order.

The Sunday-School Society has voted to proceed at once, and publish an illustrated series of lessons on the Life of Jesus, for the youngest scholars. This will prove a very taking and useful set of leaflet lessons. The author is Mrs. J. C. Jaynes, of West Newton.

EVERY OTHER SUNDAY.

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